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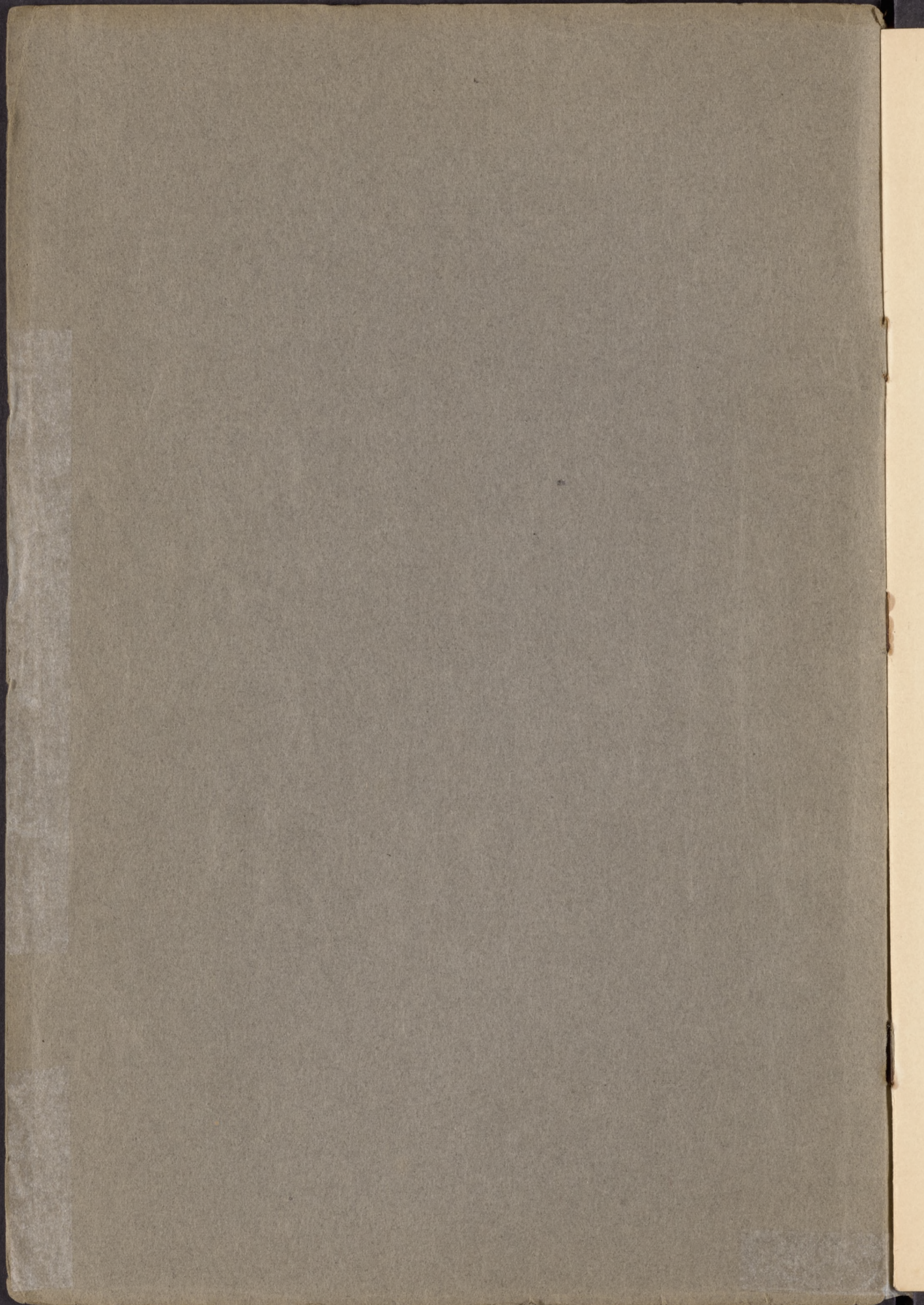
THE ECHO

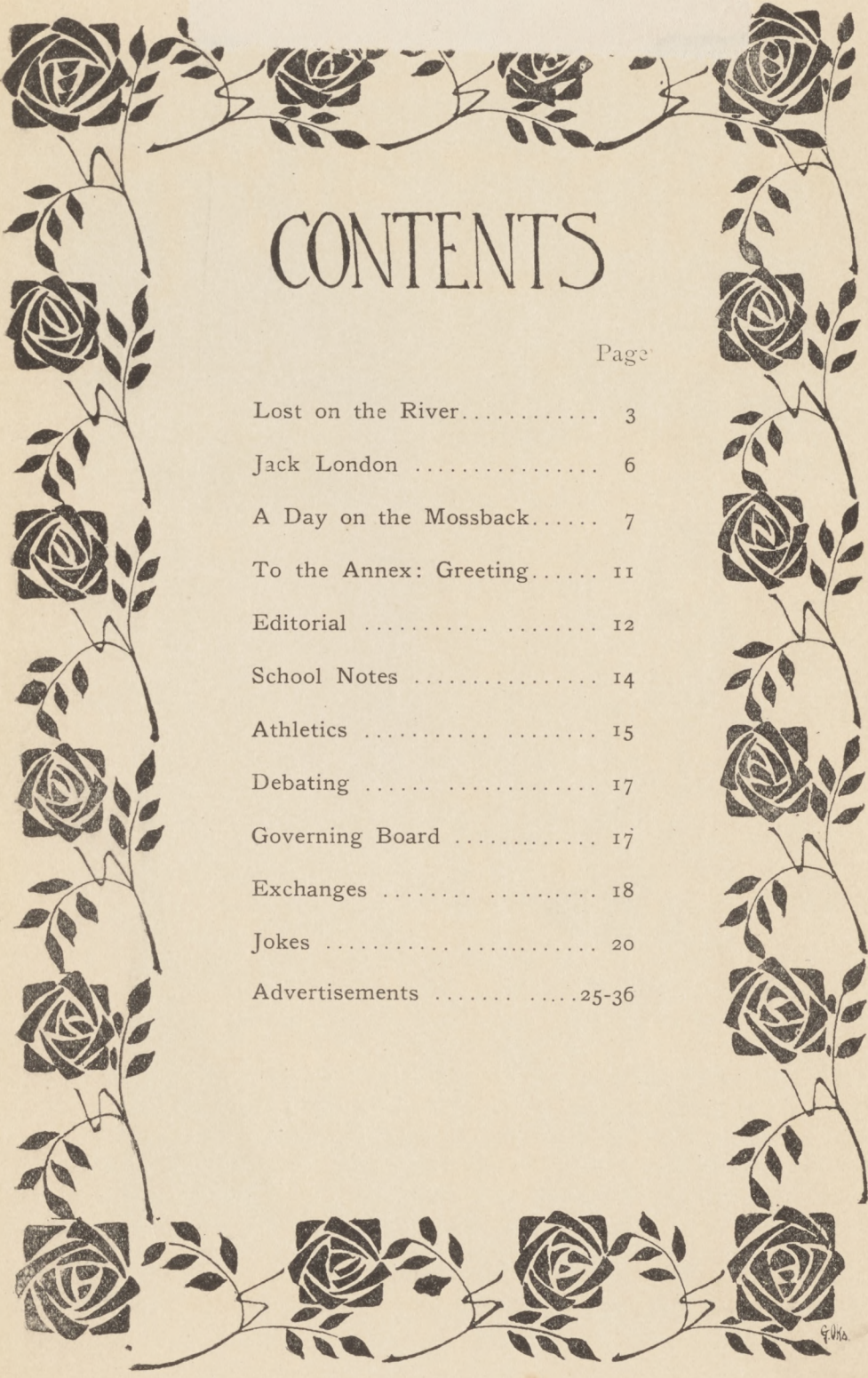


February

1912

SANTA ROSA HIGH SCHOOL





CONTENTS

	Page
Lost on the River.....	3
Jack London	6
A Day on the Mossback.....	7
To the Annex: Greeting.....	11
Editorial	12
School Notes	14
Athletics	15
Debating	17
Governing Board	17
Exchanges	18
Jokes	20
Advertisements	25-36



Clad in a light grey suit, black shoes, and stiff derby, he carried in one hand an empty suit case; in the other a huge mishappen bundle. (See p. 10.)



VOL. III.

SANTA ROSA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. VI

Lost on the River



LET me see," said Grandma, "did I ever tell you about the time I got lost while at boarding school?"

"Oh, no, Grandma! Do tell us," exclaimed Patty and I in a breath. It was our delight to have Grandma tell us some of her girlhood experiences, and we eagerly drew forward our chairs.

"I was sent to a boarding school at Elston, in Maine, when I was fifteen," continued Grandma. "The school faced the main road and the rear of the building was very near the bank of the Kennebec river. In the summer time we girls had many delightful excursions on this river, but we were never allowed to go out in a boat, unless Miss Mering, our physical culture teacher, accompanied us. However, Sandy and I always longed to be out in a boat alone. Sandy was my dearest girl friend. Her real name was Cassandra McCutcheon, but we called her "Sandy" for short.

"One day the principal of the school had to go to Augusta, where she would be forced to stay all night, on business. We girls planned to have some fun during her absence, but Sandy and I planned to have a boat ride on the river.

"Before leaving, the principal gave the key of the boat-house to Miss Mering, and told her to be sure and not let any of the girls go on the river alone. Sandy and I exchanged glances, and we watched Miss Mering continually in an endeavor to gain possession of the key. She had a habit of leaving her keys on the study hall desk, so we were sure of getting it. About noon she forgot her keys, so Sandy and I grabbed them, then made for our room. Just after we had slammed the door, we heard Miss Mering hurrying past in the direction of the study hall and, soon after, we heard her asking some of the girls if they had seen her key-ring. I tiptoed out to see if the coast was clear and then ran back for Sandy. She hurried into the study

hall and placed the keys under a pile of books on the desk. Just at this moment the dinner bell rang, so we went down to the dining room. We were too excited to eat, but we knew it would be impossible to get away until after dining. Never had a dinner seemed so long to me as that one.

"As soon as dinner was over, we ran down to the boat-house before anyone else could get to the river. In less than five minutes we had a row boat in the water and, after locking the boat-house, we jumped in and hurriedly pushed off. It was well we did, for as we rounded a bend in the river, we heard voices and saw Miss Mering, with some of the girls, coming down to the boat-house.

"'Do you suppose she has missed us?' asked Sandy, as the bend in the river hid us from sight.

"'No, I think she has just found her key-ring and is going to take some of the girls for a boat ride,' I answered.

"We soon forgot Miss Mering and the school, and enjoyed the river to the utmost. It was a warm, June day, and the lazy murmuring of the river seemed more beautiful than ever before. Sandy soon stopped rowing and we drifted along for some time. We had never been so far down the river before and we watched the changing scenery with increasing delight. We soon came to a thick strip of woods on either side of the river, and wondered how far we were from Elston. Sandy said that we had not been gone for more than an hour, so we decided not to turn back as yet—and go on as far as we could, so we would be able to return by nightfall. The woods continued on either side of the river, and once, to our surprise, we saw some wild creature watching us from among the trees.

"After some time we passed a small island, and about fifteen minutes' rowing brought us to the edge of the woods. Now for the first time we noticed that the sun was partially hidden by a large, black cloud. Sandy gave a cry of alarm and immediately turned the boat upstream. We knew only too well the meaning of that cloud.

"Before we had gone a mile, the wind became a gale and the boat rocked dangerously. The rain fell in torrents, and the thunder and lightning terrified me. Sandy and I were both drenched to the skin and the rushing river made it necessary for both of us to row, each one taking an oar. We rowed with dogged persistence for a short time, but soon both of us were exhausted and the current tossed our boat about at will, in spite of our efforts to row.

"The next events happened so rapidly that I have only an indistinct remembrance of them. There was a sudden crash. I felt the cold water and then the boat hit me. Then I heard a voice calling, 'May,' and I knew it was Sandy looking for me. I soon discovered her clinging to one end of the boat, and then I saw that the banks of the river seemed to be moving rapidly along. We were being swept along by the current, and might even be carried as far as the sea. I shouted the fact to Sandy and she nodded her head miserably.

"Then there came another shock. In spite of myself, I lost my grip on the boat's side, but the next instant I felt ground beneath my feet. I tried

to walk and the water seemed to sink away from me. In amazement I saw that the boat had struck a stump, just beneath the water, and I was on a small island, surrounded by the water of the river. I called for Sandy, and upon hearing a faint answer, discovered her clinging to a pile of driftwood, wedged in between two trees that stood in the water. With my assistance she came safely ashore, and then I sank upon the sand, overcome with laughter at her ridiculous appearance.

"Sandy's thin dress, once white, was now a wet, gray rag that clung tightly about her slim figure. Her curly, auburn hair lay in a confused mass on her shoulders, and when I laughed, her black eyes flashed fire. We girls at school had always agreed that Sandy, with her auburn hair, her black eyes, and white skin, was good-looking; but at this moment she was the most beautiful creature that I had ever seen.

"Sandy's anger passed in a moment and she laughed good-naturedly. Then she bade me help her call for assistance. The forest soon rang with our shouts, but we called in vain, so soon gave up in despair. It had stopped raining by this time and the chill wind made us shiver. Simultaneously we burst into tears and wept disconsolately in each other's arms.

"For about an hour Sandy and I bemoaned our fate. Then we heard a shout and saw a small sail boat coming down the river. In it were two men. Sandy and I sprang to our feet in delight and in a very few minutes were seated in the boat with several rugs wrapped about us. Then, the elderly gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Stanwood. He was tall and stately, had a small, brown moustache, and looked about forty-five years of age. The other gentleman proved to be his son, Cecil, a student at Harvard, and home for a few weeks' vacation. He gazed at Sandy admiringly until her discomfiture became evident.

"Mr. Stanwood explained our rescue in this way: 'Shortly after three o'clock, one of the teachers at Elston boarding school ran over to my house in great distress, begging me to go in search of two of her pupils who had gone out on the river alone.' Sandy and I exchanged glances. 'As it was already beginning to rain,' continued Mr. Stanwood, 'my son and I hastened down the river in search of you.'

"No more was said of our escapade and the rest of the return journey passed very quickly. Cecil Stanwood proved to be a very entertaining young man and told us many amusing tales of life at Harvard. In return, Sandy and I described our life at boarding school and told of longing to go for a boat ride by ourselves. When we described Miss Mering, I noticed that Mr. Stanwood seemed rather interested, but just then we reached the school.

"We were received with tearful joy by friends and teachers, and then sent to our rooms, after hearing Mr. Stanwood and his son gratefully thanked by Miss Mering.

"The next day, when the principal of the school returned, Sandy and I were deprived of all holidays and boat rides for the next month, but we se-

(Continued on Page 11)

Jack London



AMONG the great masters of present-day fiction, there are few, if any, who have such magic power to tell a tale as has Jack London, our own, next-door neighbor. And I believe there are but few of us who realize how potent and far-reaching is his genius. Of the man himself, and his views, socialistic and otherwise, I know but little, so can say nothing concerning them. It is through the medium of his books that I have felt his personality, and caught glimpses of his wonderful brain. In the domain of the novelist, and the short-story writer, I consider him supreme.

He is essentially a masculine writer. In all his tales, he makes a man's appeal to what is manly in his reader. Practically all of his principal characters are masculine, for the reason that he has chosen for the scenes of most of his writings, places, that fairly bristle with adverse natural conditions, with which the timid, yielding character of woman is not able to cope. He takes us out into "God's great Out-of-Doors," where keen, bracing winds waft life and health, and the spirit in man thrills with the pure joy of living. His tales of the "grim, glorious Northland" throb with all the health and buoyancy of life in a new land. There, the fittest alone survive. Only the iron-willed, rugged pioneer can withstand the stinging, blinding fury of the Polar elements. He makes the grim, terrific Northland the crucible from which men come forth their naked selves; strong, Titan-souled, un murmuring, or weak, "lily-livered," whimpering. His "Call of the Wild" will be cherished as long as men have hearts that respond to the resistless charm of a clean, healthy, thrilling tale.

His characters are full of virility, in which respect they differ from most people of today. He deals with the Universal in human nature, as well as, in animal nature. "Martin Eden," and "The Call of the Wild" set forth his ideas in these two realms in a remarkable manner. "Martin Eden," in which is much autobiography, is the account of a young man, who, by native force and ability, climbs from the crude lower circles of society, to the cultured upper circles. In following Martin Eden in his heroic struggles upward, we get the idea that our bodies are human dynamos, by the electric energy of which we are enabled to achieve power in the world of intellect. Through this splendid medium London discloses the vistas of human possibilities; he turns the magic key that unlocks the Universe imprisoned alive within the soul of each and every one of us. Through this illuminating medium, we see ourselves as more than mere individuals. We are a race crystallized into a single unit. All the myriad things that have wrought within the soul of the Race in the Past are reflected in the Individual of Today. When we have finished the book, we feel that we have been introduced to ourselves.

—V. Ross.

A Day on the Mossback



HO is this young Craig, anyhow?" Old Dave Carson arose from his cramped, sitting posture in the barn door, hung the mended bridle on a nail, and turned to his brother Tom, junior member of the great Carson Bros.' Sheep Range, as he asked the question. Tom Carson, tall, lanky and homely, lounged in the saddle, as his little sheep pony plunged its muzzle to the eyes in the clear, cold water in the old trough.

"Folks I met last winter, back east. The young feller's just out o' college. Half sick and wants to come to work on the range for his health. Guess Bill and him'll be here about a quarter o' six. Got a letter last Thursday sayin' he'd be here on the three-thirty this afternoon. Sent Bill with the greys to Colton after him."

"Seventeen miles is a devil of a way to go for a tenderfoot."

"Oh, well, give 'im a chance. A few days on the Mossback is all he needs."

"Hump!" Tom swung his leg over the saddle horn, straightened up, and gathered up the reins. "Guess I'll just drop over the Hogsback Divide and gather up the stragglers. Only about nine hundred more and the boys want to finish shearing by noon tomorrow."

As the tireless little pony turned from the corral gate and started on a canter down the narrow road that threaded the valley, old Dave crossed the corral to the shearing sheds. Opening a large box on the wall, he quickly ran over the rows of shining shears, testing their edges. He nailed a loose board on the shearing platform at the end of the shed, and made all ready for the morrow's drive, the last of the spring shearing.

The long Sunday afternoon wore on. Beneath the little cluster of live oaks, which marked the site of Dave Carson's cabin and shearing sheds, at the lower end of the long Mossback Divide, a span of greys, covered with foam and dust, drew up in the shade. Bill Hendersen, herder, shearer, teamster, jumped from the rig and let down the checks. A tall, slim youth, clad in a light grey suit, white shirt, tall collar and red tie, patent leathers and a black derby, sprang down, and turning, lifted out a large leather suit case, stamped on the end with the initials, L. E. C.

Old Dave crossed the corral to meet him. "Leslie Craig, I believe," he said, extending his hand.

"Yes, sir. Is Mr. Carson here?"

"No, he stays on the Hogsback Division, nine miles over the spur yonder. You're to bunk here for the present. Bring your baggage and I'll show you yer tent."

They crossed to the row of little white tents of the shearers and Dave pointed out one a little apart from the others. "Here's your'n," he said, push-

ing aside the flaps, "you can spread your blankets and get comfortable, while I go and see about supper."

"Yes, sir; but I—I"—

"Oh, you didn't bring any bedding, eh? Well, I'll lend ye some." And Dave went to fetch it.

A half hour later they went into the rude cabin to supper. Craig could restrain his curiosity no longer. "Where is Mrs. Carson," he asked." Old Bill Hendersen chuckled. Dave shrugged his shoulders. "Huh! think you'd find a missus in this God-forsaken hole?"

"But, who cooks?"

"Oh, anybody,—mostly nobody."



Craig's spirits sank. Dave passed him his plate, heaped with fried mutton, potatoes, and gravy. Bill poured him a cup of strong, black coffee. Craig was hungry, and though the coffee was black and strong, the bread heavy, and things in general far from the order of his city home, he ate a heartier meal than he had in months.

As the first rays of the morning sun came streaming over the Mossback, Craig stepped from the door of his tent. Dave stood in the door of the cabin, pouring the water from a pot of potatoes. Bill led a little buckskin pony from the stable and tossed the reins over a gate-post.

"Breakfast!"

While Bill cleared away the dishes, Dave led Craig outside and across the corral to the little buckskin.

Craig was a tenderfoot; any one could have told that. Resplendent in wide-brimmed, cow-boy hat, khaki suit, and leggins, he was a marked contrast to grim, old Dave. A shiny, new revolver hung in the holster at his belt. Dave noticed it, and smiled.

"Now, boy," he began, "your pay begins today. Here's your horse. Cross the road through that gate yonder, go up that ravine till you come to the old Mossback. Keep on up the divide till you come to a barbedwire fence. That's the boundary. Follow it. If any wires are down, fix 'em. If any sheep are out, put 'em back. If you see any coyotes, shoot 'em—five dollars apiece bonus. There's a hatchet and some lunch in the saddlebags. You can stop at the spring at the foot of the old pine for lunch; you can't miss it. Follow on down the divide till you hit the road, then come back here. You ought to be back by six." Dave turned, and started across the corral. Craig led the pony to the watering trough, and, standing on the edge, jumped to the saddle. The spirited little animal needed no urging. As they galloped

up the divide, Craig, breathing the pure, mountain air, felt his first touch of real life. He followed the huge stone wall, covered with thick, green moss, which gave the ridge its name. Swinging down the steep side of the ravine, between boulders, through banks of fern, to the rushing, mountain torrent far below, he wondered why he had ever been content with the listless routine of city life. Across, and up the steep side of the ravine nearly to the top, ran the barbedwire boundary fence. This, Craig was to follow, and he had gone but a short way from the shade of the canyon, out upon the green, rolling hills of the range, when he found a wire down. Just beyond the fence was a steep, rocky incline, and upon this slope some sheep were feeding.

"Sheep out, eh? Well, here's where I get busy. Gee, they don't look like the others; must be a new brand." Tossing the reins over a post, Craig crawled under the wires and started to drive the animals back, but they would not drive. Scattering out on the slope, they completely evaded his efforts to put them back. Suddenly the thought struck him,—why not catch a lamb and put it back; the others would follow. Cornering a lamb in the rocks took longer than he thought, and he did not see old man Conlin come running down the ridge, nor hear his shouts of "Hey, there! Hey, there."

With the captured lamb struggling in his arms, Craig turned, and faced the irate man. Old Conlin, breathless and purple with rage, stood shaking his fist in Craig's face, and finally sputtered, "Hey, you—you—let them goats alone!"

Craig started blankly at old Conlin a moment and then gasped, "Goats! I thought they were sheep."

"You thought they were sheep? Oh, you're the young tenderfoot that's working over at Carson's, are you. Well, I might have known it. Now, get out o' here, and stay out, er I'll have the law on you. Ain't got no use for Carson, nohow."

Craig hastened back to the fence, and getting the hatchet, held the wire in place with his foot and started to drive a staple. But the wire, stretched too tight, slipped from his foot, jerked out the partly-driven staple, and ripped Craig across the back of the hand. It was a ragged and painful tear. His patience was gone, as, with his hand bandaged in a handkerchief, and driving home the spurs, he galloped along the ridge.

It was far past noon when Craig stopped at the spring at the foot of the old pine. As he lay in the shade, munching his crackers and cheese, while his pony cropped the tall grass near by, he glanced up the long slope toward the top of the ridge. Instantly he was all excitement. Drawing the shiny, new revolver, he took steady aim and fired. The animal dropped, quivered a moment, and then lay still. Craig bounded up the slope, shouting at the top of his voice, "A coyote! A coyote! I've got it! I've got it!"

The sleek, yellowish-grey animal lay in a pool of blood, its shoulder ripped and torn, its eyes wide and round in their glassy death stare. Craig dragged it over the grass and staunch'd the flowing blood. Then he lifted it up behind the saddle and strapped it on. Springing up himself, he swung along over the range. The sun was low in the west as he turned through the long, low, sheep-gate into the corral, under the shade of the live oaks.

help has killed his dog, he'll make it hot. There's one thing for you to do. Old Dave was sewing wool sacks in the shearing sheds. With a joyful shout, Craig hailed him, "Oh, Mr. Carson, come see my coyote!"

"A coyote? Well, I'll be durned! And a tenderfoot, too," Dave answered, as he came stalking across the corral to where Craig sat on his horse at the watering trough.

"Coyote? You poor,—simple,—fool." The words, slow and rasping, cut Craig like a knife. "That's old man Conlin's prize collie."

Craig was dumfounded.

"Get down," Dave went on, with rising anger, "untie that animal and lay it there. Old man Conlin and I've had trouble. If he knows one of my Tomorrow mornin' at daylight you saddle up, take that dog to Conlin's house, tell him about it, and then take what's comin'," and Dave turned and walked away.

Craig led his pony to the barn, hung up the saddle and bridle, and then started for his tent. Old Bill called him to supper, but Craig never looked up. Shaking his head, he pushed aside the flaps of his tent, and entering, threw himself down on his cot.

Late that night, as the soft, yellow light from the moon cast long, gloomy shadows over the range, a lonely coyote lay in the shadow of a huge boulder, far up the Mossback. With his long, pointed nose resting on his paws before him, he silently watched a dark, moving figure beneath the clump of live oaks in the valley below. Suddenly, erect on his haunches, his nose pointed skyward, he rent the stillness of the night with a long, dismal howl; his signal, for the figure below was slowly slinking away.

It was Leslie Craig. Clad in a light grey suit, black shoes, and stiff derby, he carried in one hand an empty suit case; in the other, a huge misshapen bundle. For a moment he paused at the railing of the old stone bridge, where the roaring mountain torrent, swollen by spring rains, crossed the road. A broad-brimmed, cow-boy hat, khaki suit, leggins,—one by one, silently dropped into the rushing water and were whirled away. And then, the shiny little revolver, with a faint splash, sank to the rocky bed of the torrent.

Far up the Mossback, the lone coyote slunk along the ridge from shadow to shadow, watching the figure below. Once more its doleful howl rent the stillness of the night. Craig glanced up along the dark slope of the Mossback, then down the little valley, where the narrow road lost itself in the darkness. Taking out his watch, he held it in the full light of the moon, as, with something like a sob, he muttered, "Oh, Lord, ten o'clock, seventeen miles to a station,—and God's country."

—A. S. '12.

To the Annex: Greeting

A hearty greeting to our proposed annex dear!
Oh! if only thou wouldst be completed this year,
That we might enjoy thy many new pleasures,
And chance to reap additional measures:—
Domestic science, gymnastics, and all
That with thee might be introduced in the fall.

Welcome! to thee—dear annex—from hearts so true,
That long to crown thee with the "red, white and blue";
O'er thee, Old Glory, will proudly sway,
With its billowy folds and colors gay;
Beneath thy ceilings the "orange and black,"
In streamers and pennants shall never lack.

Hail! to our dear annex soon to be,
For, with it will come the greatest of glee;
The auditorium that will seat a "nation,"
Will then permit of our public graduation.
Now, Juniors! just listen to this,
The secret that has been whispered is,—

How we—the illustrious class of '13—
'Midst lavender, gold and boughs of green,
Will be the first on Commencement eve,
Before the public, to take our leave.
So, come, let's boost it with all our might,
And we'll soon have the annex, to our delight.

—F. A. '13.

(Continued From Page 5)

cretely decided that our first boat ride had paid. And so, my dears, that is the story of my first boat ride alone with Sandy," ended Grandma.

"Oh, but Grandma!" exclaimed Patty, "do tell us what became of Mr. Stanwood and his son!"

"About a year later, Mr. Stanwood, who was a widower, married Miss Mering, and several years later Cecil married Sandy," answered Grandma.

"But, where did you come in, Grandma?" I asked.

"Your grandfather and Cecil were college chums, but that is another story," was the reply.

—H. B. '12.

Editorial



THE ECHO is published once a month during the school year by the students of the Santa Rosa High School.

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In all places and at all times we find three distinct classes of people—the workers, the shirkers, and the jerkers. The first class, those who work steadily, earnestly and persistently, is usually the smallest of the three, a sad but true fact. Sometimes the people belonging to this class seem, to outsiders, to be working very slowly and not accomplishing much, but, in the end, these are the only ones who ever do accomplish anything. They have to bear all the burdens of, and do all the work for, their associates; and are often criticised by these same associates, who have nothing to do but stand around with their hands in their pockets and make such remarks. This class of critics is made up of the shirks. They never do any more than they are obliged to do, but will, nevertheless, enjoy the profits of the other man's labor. But a shirker cannot appreciate the value of such work, as he could if he had been the workman. The third and last class is that of the jerkers. These people are a nuisance, for you never know when to de-

pend upon them. Once in a while they "turn over a new leaf," take a great interest in work, for a short time only, and apparently do a great deal in that time, but probably do more harm than good. One worker is better than half a dozen jerkers; for a horse that pulls slowly, but steadily, will reach the top of the hill much sooner than the one that runs a while and stops a while, the stopping "while" being much longer than the running "while." Again, for example, if a team of six horses were trying to pull a load up a hill, and each one pulled in a different direction and at a different time, the load never would reach the top.

So, Freshmen! do not be a jerker, or a shirker, but be a worker. The school is badly in need of workers. By this time you have your studies all arranged and have settled down to the regular school routine, and, therefore, you now have time to get busy with some of the school activities. Begin your four years' course in the right way, so that you will be able to make the most of the many opportunities presented to you in your High School training. Each one of you should join this working class immediately and enlist all of your classmates with you.

Sophomores! Juniors! Seniors! You have not yet joined this class; do so at once, while there is time. Do not let the Freshmen get ahead of you. Do you wish your school to run smoothly and prosperously, or to have alternate periods of improvement and decline?

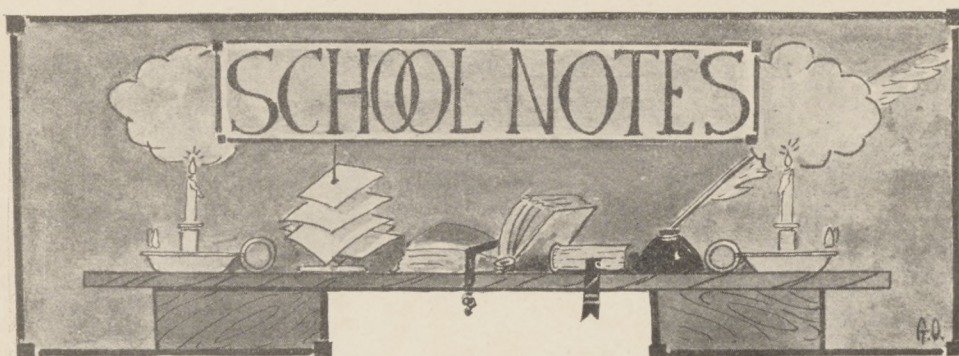
Each one of you has time and talent to engage in at least one of our school activities. Perhaps you say you cannot do the work so well as the ones who are now doing it. Did they not have to start at the first round of the ladder and climb up? Yes! all of them did. The highest positions are not attainable at the first jump. But these same people cannot hold their positions forever, no matter how competent they may be. There will always be vacancies to be filled, and the lower-classmen should begin to train in order to fill such vacancies, as they occur at the end of each semester. Begin now! and you will stand a fair chance of reaching the top round of the school-ladder before graduating.

Put your New Year's resolution into action, and begin 1912 with earnest work. The new staff of The Echo has already begun its work for the coming term, and wishes the hearty co-operation of the whole school, which it needs to make the paper a success. So, fellow-students, join with us and make our school journal an honor to S. R. H. S.

NOTICE

All material for the March number must be in by February 29. The Josh and Literary departments are greatly in need of more material. Keep the josh-box overflowing during the coming term, and write so many short stories, not long ones, that the Literary editor will have to burn the midnight oil, in order to do justice to all the authors.

The Echo will be given out the second Wednesday of each month, except when the staff sees fit to change the stated time, i. e. Commencement or the first issue of each term.



High School started with a large attendance of pupils. The attendance is so large that the Freshmen are forced to use Rooms 5 and 7 as study halls.

Welcome! to the class of '16, the largest in the history of the High School. The class was organized by our principal, Mr. Searcy, during the second week of school.

Several of the former students and graduates have returned, among whom are Ben Drake '11, the popular and well-known hammer thrower, who is back for a post, and Vernon Ross, the former yell leader, who has returned after the absense of a semester.

Quite a novel event occurred on Friday, January 19, in the form of a Freshman reception. The programme began at 2:40. The first number was the High School yell, "Rat-de-trat," led by William Bagley. Then followed a reading by Miss O'Meara, entitled, "Rebecca of Sunny Brooks Farm." Next came "Johnnie Stoker's Band," by Weston Anderson, William Bagley, Galen Lee, Clifford Merritt, Frank Berry, Albert Hockin, Guy Chapman, Roy Miller, Charles Roberts, Charles Clark and Marshall Paxton. This number caused a great deal of amusement.

The girls, fearing to be outdone by the boys, decided to give a song, but through some mishap, they could not agree as to what song should be sung. The trouble ended by three singing "Yankee Doodle," while the rest sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." This ended the programme, but a few minutes were spent in a social time, after which refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake, were served, the boys, much to the amusement of all, doing the serving. The entire event was enjoyed by everyone.

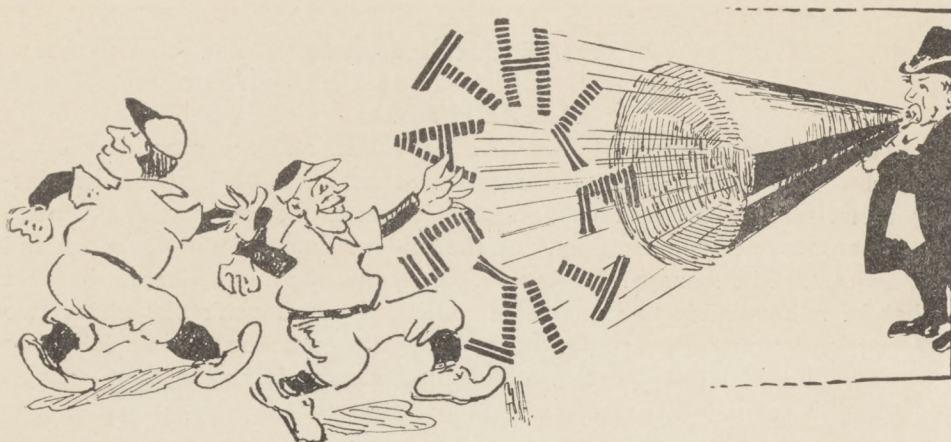
The programmes given on Wednesday have been appreciated by all. We are exceedingly grateful to Mrs. Mills for her trouble and interest in our music. The programmes that have been given so far are:

Wednesday, January 17.

Vocal Solo, "Rasary".....Nevin
 Sung by Helen Fraser, accompanied by Mildred Turner.
 Piano Solo, "Chauson Des Alpes".....Barbara Dows
 Vocal Solo....."Whisper and I Shall Hear"
 Mary Thompson, accompanied by Barbara Dows.

Wednesday, January 24.

Piano Solo, 5th Nocturne—Lebach.....Vivian Bolton
 Vionin Solo—(a) Cavalliria Rustana; (b) Pezzisato.....Arthur Farnloff



Boys' Athletics

BASKETBALL

On January 19, our basketball team played a game with Berkeley High School. It was the best game played here this season, although we lost. The score at the end of the first half was 14 to 21 in favor of Berkeley. In the second half we played the visitors off their feet and had them worried, but the seven-point lead was too much; the score in this half was 7 to 7. The final score was 21 to 28. E. Wilson, our captain, gave a fine exhibition of guarding and figured strongly in the team work.

It might be of interest for some to know, that the team we played here on the above mentioned date has never been beaten, and that our score of 21 to 28 was the closest one they have figured in for many years.

Mr. Steele is our coach in basketball and deserves much credit for the team we have.

RUGBY

Although this is not the open season for football, we will tackle it and beat Napa High, if we can. Last fall we played two games with Napa, each school winning one; so this game will decide the S. N. S. C. A. L. championship. L. Bettini is captain and manages his players like a "Vet." Fred McConnel certainly has plenty of "pep." as a coach. It was through him that rugby was installed here, and he certainly has turned out a good team.

TRACK

The track season has already begun and we are glad to see so many men on the cinder-path. The class meet, consisting of first, second, third, fourth year and post-graduates, will be held first. Then we expect to have two or three dual meets, besides our five league meets. Every boy will have a chance, so get out and train.

Carl Steinnort gives us a good example. He has trained all winter, wet or dry, for the hammer throw, and has improved wonderfully.

Girls Athletics

BASKETBALL

The girls have started to work in basketball and are practicing every week, but they have lost two "veterans" and are having a hard time replacing them. There are not enough girls coming out to practice. Surely, Freshmen, some of you can play, and the captain wants you to come out and try, at least. The manager has been forced to decline all challenges, because it has been impossible to get a team. Girls, if you haven't played for two or three years or more, come out and get into practice again. The last year's team was an honor to the school, and certainly you have enough school spirit to wish this semester's team to win more laurels for S. R. H. S. Then, come out to practice, so as to encourage the captain, Jnetta Cooper, and to give the manager, Grace Bradford, a chance to accept some of the challenges which she receives, and which, if we answer by giving the challengers a game, are sure to result in victories for S. R. H. S.



Debating

Debating will be given an important place in the school this semester.

The Debating society was organized at the beginning of the semester and the following were elected to office: Alfred Shelton, President; Ruth Wright, Vice-President; Chester Case, Secretary.

Every Wednesday evening a debate on topics of the day is given by members of the society.

On January 17, Mr. Searcy spoke on the topic, "A Brief."

The Freshmen are especially requested to be present to hear the weekly debating discussions. You are all urged to join the society; it will give you practice; you will learn to talk more readily; you will be able to make better recitations in the class-rooms. The present members will soon graduate and the new team must come from the lower classmen. Join the society now and learn the fine points, so you may be better prepared to debate in the future. No entrance fee is charged, and there are no dues; the only requirements are that you be a member of the Student Body. By being a member of the team that wins two league debates, you win a bronze "S." So come on, Freshmen, and join; join now, for now is the time. We have the present with us, but we know not what may happen in the future.

Governing Board

On January 11, a special meeting of the Governing Board was called. The resignation of Alma McDaniels, as girls' basketball manager, was accepted. Jnetta Cooper was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

On January 17, a special meeting was again called. The boys' basketball team was given permission to play the Berkeley team. Further business was left to the regular meeting.

On January 19, a special meeting was called to elect a League delegate. Vernon King was unanimously elected.

On January 23, a regular meeting of the Governing Board was held. The boys' basketball team was given permission to play Napa on January 26. Delegate Vernon King read his report of the business transacted at the meeting of delegates of the S. N. S. C. A. L., January 20. After some discussion, a motion carried, instructing the chair to appoint a committee of two, to consider the matter of extending the track at the High School. The manager's report for the December Echo was read and accepted. The resignation of Jnetta Cooper, as girls' basketball manager, was read and accepted. Grace Bradford was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The engraving of the girls' basketball cup was approved of by the Finance committee, but as the cost was not specified, the matter was left for further consideration.



Some improvement has been shown on the part of some papers criticised by this department. Why should we continue to make the same criticisms, month after month, which are not heeded? A remedy to such conditions would be of great help to all exchange editors. This department will not repeat the same criticism, concerning any one paper, more than once, in the future. That we do not agree with the mistakes made will of course be understood. We would far rather praise papers than criticise them, but, as everyone knows, we criticise them for their own benefit.

Olla Podrida (December), Berkeley, Cal.: You have a fine journal, but you are very weak along your literary line. Surely you are considering the question of discontinuing the "Pod." You have been among our best exchanges and your loss would be felt by many. What is the matter with your half-tones? Is the printer or the engraver to blame?

From Escondido, California, comes **The Gong** (December.) What happened to your exchanges? Your stories are excellent. A few cuts would enliven you a great deal.

The Review, Sacramento, Cal.: We are glad to have you on our list again. You are full of good material. We are sorry in some respects to see you take a stock cover cut.

The Breccia, Portland, Me. (December:) Your arrangement is so different from ours that it is hard to begin criticism. Is your paper managed by the school or by some private individuals? (A question necessary to criticise any paper.)

The Lowell, San Francisco, Cal.: What an excellent appearance you have. You have a good arrangement, are filled with good material, and have excellent cuts; have had good assistance, and in all probability a good financial backing, but you have forgotten one thing—Table of Contents.

High School Echoes, Tucumari, New Mexico (December:) Yours is a small paper, but you show spirit. "Cut out" the foot-note advertising; it may pay, but it is the cause of much comment. Come again.

The Ilex, Woodland, Cal. (December:) Your cover is very neat, though plain; a better grade of paper would improve you. Your material and arrangement is good. Enliven your paper with a few more cuts. Your editor should place his department nearer the back of the book, bringing the contents to the front. The football material is fine.

A new exchange is **The Stranger**, Vancouver, B. C. (December.) The

Table of Contents is missing. You could be improved by a better defining of your various departments. Your material is good. Come again.

The Adjutant, San Rafael, Cal. (November and December.) A well-arranged journal, filled with good material. What is the cause for such a weak Exchange department?

The Tattler, Milwaukee, Wis. (December and January :) You have added your Table of Contents, otherwise you are the same as usual. Your Exchange editor is evidently on a war against the Josh departments. We think a better field for criticism could be more easily chosen.

The Almanack, Lake Forest, Ill. (November), is a nice paper, composed of good material, with some fine editorials. A few more cuts would improve your appearance.

The Racquet, Portland, Me. (January :) The only criticism found is that you placed your Table of Contents on the cover and thereby cheapened your appearance. Your clippings are good.

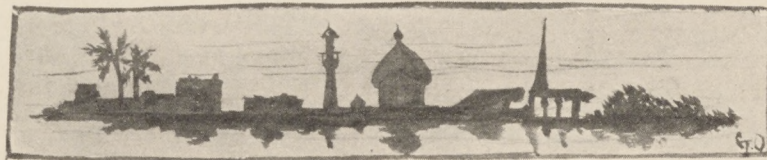
The Toltec, Durango, Colo. (January :) You appear as usual. Try and get some new cuts.

The Eagle, Le Sueus, Minn. : A study of arrangements and kinds of material used by other schools will improve your quality. Keep it up ; never get faint-hearted.

Napanee, Napa, Cal., is a good journal. You have exceeded the limit set by previous issues. Your stories and poems are all good. It would be hard to pick any one story for special mention. Your engravers or printers did not give you the best of work. Your cover is pretty, but it is a waste to place your book between two distinct covers.

From Saeubenville, Ohio, we received **The Bulletin**. Can you not print anything but continued stories? Surely, interest can be held to your paper without using such means. I became highly interested in "The Clock in the Garret," but to find it incomplete seemed to destroy the story. You have made great progress since your first exchange was received by us. Keep it up.

The Enterprise, Petaluma, Cal. : A great difference from previous issues is noticeable in your journal. You show a better spirit throughout your paper. The cover design is indeed neat and attractive. Your Joke section is especially good, as are your other departments.





Original and Adapted

Miss Leddy (Latin II.)—How would you punctuate this sentence? I saw a pretty girl walking down the street.

Guy Grosse—I would make a dash after the girl.

* * * * *

Cliff M.—What is the height of your ambition?

Clyde Stuart—Oh, I should say about six feet, at a guess.

* * * * *

Olivia S.—Oh, Zelma! someone told me you had the prettiest eyes.

Zelma C.—Goodness! who told you that?

Olivia S.—That blind man down our way.

* * * * *

Attention

Night owls sometimes become jail birds.

* * * * *

Freyman C.—Say, Jess, when you have J. L. 2 B., what will be the result?

Jesse L.—I don't know.

Freyman C.—Why, Jesse Lin-
genfelter and Lola Boyes, of course.

Miss Abeel (Drawing II.)—Es-
ther, will you please step aside? I
want to get into this drawer a min-
ute.

* * * * *

Pauline S.—Was Minerva mar-
ried?

Miss Wylie—Of course not; she
was the Goddess of Wisdom.

* * * * *

If Miss O'Meara saw many
things, would Lillian Seymore?

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—Minnie, locate Eng-
land definitely.

Minnie T (dreamily)—Oh! Eng-
land! Why, he's in the study hall.

* * * * *

Mrs. Mills (during singing)—
Hold that last "love" four beats.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie (Hist. I-b)—Who can
tell me what the greatest flight in
history was?

Clever Freshman—When the
chimney flue.

If Donald had his picture taken,
would the camera run?

If Ruth Miller fell off of the train
while going to Fulton, would the
cow-catcher?

* * * * *

Weston A. (angrily)—Ma, why
didn't you call me earlier? It's
eleven o'clock and I'm late for
school.

Mrs. A.—Why, I did. Don't you
see it is only seven by this clock?
I set it when I asked you what time
it was, when you got in the house.

Weston (shaking)—Well.

Mrs. A.—You said it was eleven
o'clock last night, and my clock
said two; thinking you were right,
I changed mine.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele (speaking of England
in Hist. IV.)—She was master of
the sea.

* * * * *

If Arthur F. can shoot quail, can
Hazel Killmore?

* * * * *

If Chester is a Case, will they put
him in the Harvey Ward?

Lady—I want to see the cheapest
thing you have in trousers.

Clerk—That's him there, behind
the ribbon counter.

* * * * *

Miss Crane—How was iron first
discovered?

Gertrude Lee—I heard pa say
they smelt it.

* * * * *

Irishman (to tax collector)—Sure
an' don't yoh know my goat ain't
worth \$8.00?

Tox Collector (reading the law)
—All property a-butting on Front
street shall be taxed at the rate of
\$2.00 a foot.

* * * * *

The cows are in the meadow,
The sheep are in the grass;
But all the simple geese
Are in the Freshman class.

* * * * *

If Miss Wirt walked fast to get
to school, would Mildred Rush-
more?

* * * * *

Miss Wylie (Hist. I.)—Charles,
tell me what you know about the
Mongolian race.

Charles P.—I wasn't there; I
went to the football game.



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Sunday School Teacher—William, what is the first thing your father says, when he sits down to the table?

Pupil—He says, "Go easy on the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound!"

* * * * *

Miss Mailer (Biology)—What animal makes the nearest approach to man?

Freyman C.—The flea.

* * * * *

Judge (sternly)—I give you my word, the next person who interrupts the proceedings will be expelled from the court room and ordered home.

Hooray! cried the prisoner.
Then the judge pondered.

* * * * *

Miss Wirt (German III.)—Chas., was haben Sie zum Friihstiick?

Chas. C.—Ein Glass Kopfweh mit Butterbrot. (Meaning, Eine Tasse Kaffe mit Butterbrot.)

* * * * *

Modern Geography

Cape of Good Hope—Sixteen.
Cape Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty

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Miss Crane (Physics)—What kind of a lever are sheep shears?

Esther G.—I never knew that sheep's ears were levers.

* * * * *

Teacher—Now, Tommy, give me an example of the double negative.

Tommy—I don't known none.

Teacher—Correct, sit down.

* * * * *

If the ice-man peddles ice,
And the milk-man peddles milk,
And the coal-man peddles coal,
And the silk-man peddles silk,
And the fish-man peddles fish;
Tell me, tell me, gentle stranger,
Through the frosty, winter terms,
Does the German peddle germs?

* * * * *

Rather Ancient

Edith S.—Ida, who is vice-president?

Ida H. (industriously studying U. S. Hist.)—Why, John Adams.

* * * * *

Francis Ahl (reciting in Hist. IV)
—As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary—

Hattie Brand (prompting)—Noah wrote the dictionary.

Francis—Noah nothing. Noah built the ark.



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Guy got his hair cut pampadour,
And mother was delighted;
She had a fall house-cleaning bee,
And Guy was invited.
On stilts he walked around the
room,

His lavender hose revealing;
And with his shining, bristling
brush
Cleaned each and every ceiling.

* * * * *

Miss Wylie (Hist. class)—Men-
tion the name of some well-known
Greek.

Freshie—George.

Miss Wylie—George, who?

Freshie—I don't know the rest of
his name. He comes around to our
house every Thursday with bananas
and oranges.

* * * * *

West. A.—Say, Bill, have you no-
ticed how awfully nervous the girls
are this term?

Bill B.—No, why?

West. A.—Well you must re-
member this is leap year.

Bill B.—That's right. I heard
that some of the girls paid two dol-
lars for a book on the latest styles
of coquetry and the best ways of
proposing.

* * * * *

Teacher—What are the Czar's
children's called?

Freshie—Czardines.

Papa—Where have you been,
Carl?

Carl S.—Fishing.

Papa—Come into the woodshed
and we'll have a whaling expedition.

* * * * *

"Son," said the minister, reprov-
ingly, as he met a Freshman carry-
ing a string of fish one Sunday af-
ternoon, "did you catch those fish
today?"

"Ye—yes, sir," answered the
Freshman, "that's what they got for
chasing worms on Sunday."

* * * * *

Teacher—What is a honey sepa-
rator?

Murmer from rear of room—A
chaperon.

* * * * *

Miss Crane (Chem.)—When is a
thing a solid?

Hazel Devoto—When it is not a
gas or a liquid.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele—What courts in Eng-
land needed reforming?

Miss R. D.—French courts.

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The man who fights and runs away,
Perchance may meet disaster;
Because the other fellow may,
Be able to run faster. —Ex.

* * * * *

Pretty Lucky

A. S.—I hear some of the faculty
are going to be married soon.

L. S.—Leap year, my boy, leap
year.

* * * * *

"What were you and your wife
growling about, last night?"

"We had sausage for supper."
—Ex.

* * * * *

"Ever hear the story of the powdered
sugar?"

"No."
"It's fine." —Ex.

* * * * *

Gentleman—Aren't you afraid
you'll catch cold on such a night as
this?

Newsboy—No, sir; selling papers
keeps up de circulation.—Ex.

* * * * *

Biff—Do you know anything
about real estate?

He—Sure; lots.—Ex.

* * * * *

X.—Did you hear that they are
going to put a fence around the
park?

Z.—No, what for?

X.—To keep the trees from leav-
ing. —Ex.

* * * * *

Motto for the Morning

Turn Failure into Victory,

Don't let your courage fade;

And if you get a lemon,

Just make the lemon aid.

—Ex.

Objection is made in San Fran-
cisco to drowning stray dogs, for
fear so many sunken barks may ob-
struct navigation.

* * * * *

"Have you got any frog-legs?"

Waiter—No, I've got rheumatism,
that's what makes me walk this
way. —Ex.

* * * * *

Hank—That fellow over there
calls himself a human dynamo.

Lank—That so; why?

Hank—Because everything he
has on is charged. —Ex.

* * * * *

Skip—She left me for some cause
or another.

Zip—Probably, another. —Ex.

* * * * *

Leah S.—You call this new style
shoe the Affinity?

Salesman—Yes'm. You will no-
tice that the souls are mated.

* * * * *

"Why does M. W. like Boccaccio
as a writer?"

"Because he wrote 'Decameron.'"
(D. Cameron.)

* * * * *

Frances had a pretty beau,

His smile was jolly sweet;

And everywhere that Frances went,

Leroy, she sure would meet.

* * * * *

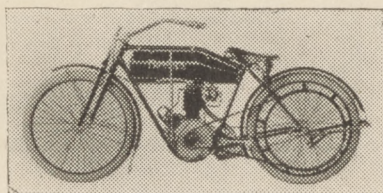
If they "duck" Grosse, will Ben
Drake?

* * * * *

If they had a minstrel, why not
have Coon picking cotton off of Ed-
ward Kofad.

* * * * *

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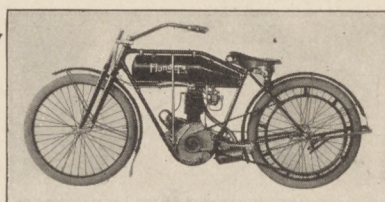
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Joe D.—I strained my eye terribly last night.

Arthur F.—How?

Joe D.—Looking through a sieve.

* * * * *

Tillie B. (translating in Latin I.)
—The King was very strong in the number of his vocabulary.

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\$3.00 \$4.00

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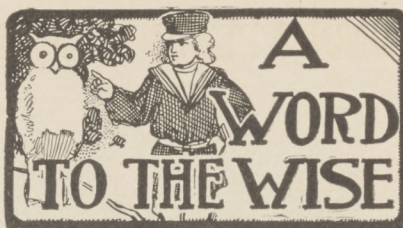
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Forest Quick—The porcupine.

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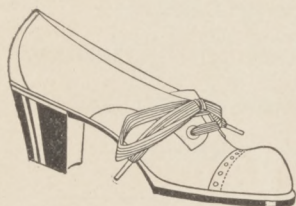
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Miss Wylie—Is it correct to say,
"The letter went clear to Washing-
ton?"

Bright Freshie—No, "clear" is
not right. I ought to be, "The let-
ter went clean to Washington."

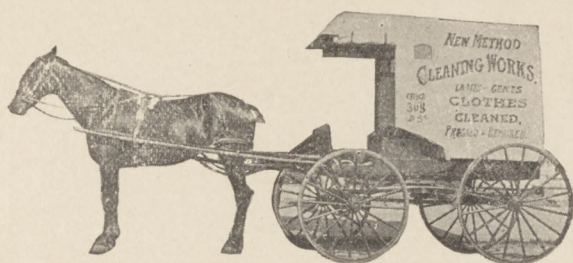
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my head swim.

She—It must swim beautifully;
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I wouldn't be so conceited.

* * * * *

Zilla Moore—You've got to have a pull to get ahead.

Edith S.—Yes, and you've got to have a head to get a pull.

Katherine Sanitarium

Open to all Physicians. Surgical Room
in Connection. No Contagious
Diseases Accepted

Only Graduate Nurses Employed

MISS SYLVIA HATCH, Superintendent
905 McDonald Ave Phone 31

Mary Jesse Hospital

Mrs. Mary E. Jesse, Matron

NO CONTAGIOUS DISEASES

815 Fifth Street

Phone 248Y

C. & F. WELTI

Successors to H. H. Moke

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Phone 21

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Santa Rosa, Cal.

Rolf L. Thompson

ATTORNEY

Dougherty-Shea Building

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

C. Mortimer Chapin

TEACHER OF VIOLIN

Studio—Room 31, Masonic Building

Phone 354

Hodgson-Henderson Co.

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS

OUTFITTERS

517 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa, Cal.



Birds of a Feather

Miss Abeel (in Drawing)—Alice,
what are you doing?

Alice B.—Helping Zilla.

Miss Abeel—What is Zella doing?

Alice B.—Nothing.

Taxicabs at Hack Prices

5 & 7 Passenger Cars

Santa Rosa Taxicab Co.

TAXICABS—PHONE 381

Garage Phone 143

Stand—Bismarck Restaurant

Charlotte Van Wormer—Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?

Gladys Berry—Yes, I can read my own writing.

E. R. SAWYER

Watches, Chains, Lockets, Rings

Buttons, Bracelets, Buckles

Scarf Pins, Brooches, Fobs

Silver Toilet Articles, Etc.

529 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa

Allen's Grocery

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES

BREAD, PASTRY, ETC.

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Phone 825

Cor. Orchard and Benton Streets

THE OLD RELIABLE TEA and COFFEE HOUSE

You can always depend on your Cup of Coffee in the Morning

And Tea—well it can't be beat

Ask Your Neighbor

Great American Imp. Tea Co.

B. H. BAKER, Manager

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Occidental Hotel

BANE BROS., Props.

Absolutely Fireproof

Modern in All Its Appointments

European or American

Cuisine Unexcelled

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

EAT

AT

The Coffee Club

SANTA ROSA NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY

CAPITAL \$50,000.00 SURPLUS \$200,000.00

A COMMERCIAL BANK

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CAPITAL \$50,000.00 SURPLUS \$25,000.00

A STRICTLY SAVINGS INSTITUTION

Both Banks Owned by the Same Stockholders

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WILSON STREET

Dealer in all Kinds of
BUILDING MATERIAL

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

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INDEPENDENT OIL CO.

ROBERTS AVENUE, SANTA ROSA

Specialties—Highest Grade
COAL OILS, FLOOR OILS
GASOLINES, DISTILLATES
EAGLE BRAND CYLINDER OILS
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Roberts Avenue, Santa Rosa, Cal.

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FIRST CLASS PICTURES

647 Cherry Street

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

COFFEE ROASTED DAILY

FLAGLER'S

Coffees, Teas, Spices, Crockery, Glass-
ware, Agateware, Kitchen Utensils

420-422 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA

Advertise
in
The Echo

FREE DELIVERY

PHONE 50

Eugene C. Farmer

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST

701 FOURTH ST., Cor D..SANTA ROSA

Freshie (in distraction)—I wash-
ed my head yesterday, and now I
can't do a thing with it.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele—Where was the Dec-
laration of Independence signed?

Alice DeB.—At the bottom.

A. Trembley & Co.

CARRIAGES AND IMPLEMENTS

Fairbanks-Morse Co. Gasoline Engines
Michigan Automobiles

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

HIGH SCHOOL PINS
HIGH SCHOOL HAT PINS
HIGH SCHOOL SPOONS

JOHN HOOD JEWELER

Sign of the Big Clock

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

J. P. FITTS

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Telephone:

Office 33

Residence 284

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1129 COLLEGE AVENUE

Please mention The Echo.

Phone 734R

AMERICAN BAKERY

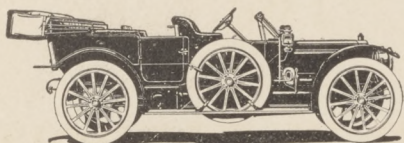
P. MOORE, Prop.

High Grade Cakes, Pies,
Pastry

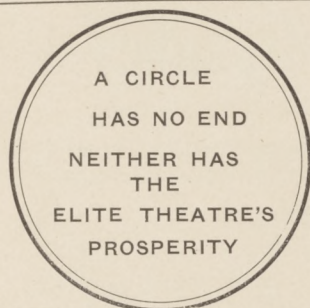
208-210 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa

AUTOMOBILES, BICYCLES
SPORTING GOODS



SCHELLING'S GARAGE



BATHS

Hot and Cold

BATHS

ATTENTION !!
WE HAVE A RECORD
SPOONCER BROS.
BARBER SHOP

Occidental Bldg.

B Street

Pianos and Furniture Carefully Handled
Baggage Called for

Dealers in Stove, Distillate and Fuel Oil
W. H. Lee C. E. Lee F. M. Cooper

LEE BROTHERS'
VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY

The Only Concrete Warehouse in
Santa Rosa

Agents for Standard Oil Company
Tel. Santa Rosa 60 Santa Rosa

Perpetual advertising insures success.



Gardiner Bros.

Second Hand Goods
Bought and Sold

709-711 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

New and Second-Hand

Bicycles

REPAIRING AND SUPPLIES

Cordingley's Cyclery

Native Sons' Bldg

'Phone 33R

ST. ROSE DRUG STORE

The Place Where You
Get a

SQUARE DEAL

Fourth and A Sts.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

TEXT BOOKS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

C. A. Wright & Co.

Leading Booksellers
and Stationers

615-617 FOURTH ST

SANTA ROSA

Excelsior Motor Cycles

The Silent, Powerful, Speedy kind

Agency

Marlatt's Cyclery

FIFTH & B STS.

SANTA ROSA

Elite Hair Dressing Parlors

TELEPHONE 538

Electrolysis, Shampooing, Manicuring
Facial Massage, Scalp Treatment
Hair Work Done

630 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

Vernon K.—Only fools are certain; wise men hesitate.

Adelbert La D.—Are you sure of that?

Vernon K.—Yes, my boy; sure of it.

CANDY AND ICE CREAM

A. D. SKINKLE

(Formerly C. T. Sherman's)

FOURTH STREET

SANTA ROSA

Subscribe for The Echo

W. W. CARROLL

GROCERY AND BAKERY
SCHOOL SUPPLIES

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Santa Rosa

Santa Rosa Bank

COMMERCIAL and SAVINGS

Interest Paid on Saving Deposits

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Santa Rosa Business College

The Leading Commercial College of the West

Do you know that on an average two graduates a week pass from the Santa Rosa Business College into the great business world? They secure and hold the best positions—advance the most rapidly—because they were properly and thoroughly trained in exactly the Things Required in Every Modern Business Office.

Fifteen graduates placed in positions during the last thirty days at salaries ranging from \$35 to \$75 per month to start with

YOUR FUTURE SUCCESS DEPENDS ON YOU

But After Entering the Santa Rosa Business College Your Success also Depends on Us.

The fact that our students are successful—is the very plain and simple reason why our school is such a success.

Every person who selects the Santa Rosa Business College as the best institution of its kind in which to be properly trained for future business success gets the direct benefit of the following vital essentials:

First. Our Course of Study as it now stands marks the highest point of development on the part of President, Officers, Principals and Teachers covering years of progress. Every subject is taken from the great business world, exactly as now used by the most successful concerns—boiled down—easily understood—intensely interesting and practical—and given to you in a simple usable workable form. We keep right up-to-date in every branch. You get the benefit of this splendid course of study and every other possible advantage.

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Third. Our Students Are surrounded by every modern convenience and facility for doing the best possible work in the shortest time. We fully realize that **service** is the basis of all modern business and our success is based upon the best possible service rendered to our students by every Teacher, Principal and Officer connected with our entire institution, both while in school and after they go into a position.

The fact that our students go direct from school into active business is due not to chance or luck, but depends upon the solid rock bottom fact that they were properly and thoroughly prepared.

To Take a Course at the

SANTA ROSA BUSINESS COLLEGE

Is to Insure Success

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Perpetual advertising insures success.

W. S. Hosmer & Son

**School Books
Music
Stationery**

Fourth Street

SANTA ROSA

DIXON & ELLIOTT

HIGH GRADE

HARDWARE, HOUSEHOLD GOODS

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

Third and B Streets

Santa Rosa

Freshie (crossing the bay)—Oh!
they dropped the anchor.

Second Freshie—Good for them!
It's been dangling outside all morn-
ing.

N. Bacigalupi & Son

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Grocers

PHONE 245

203-205 Fourth Street

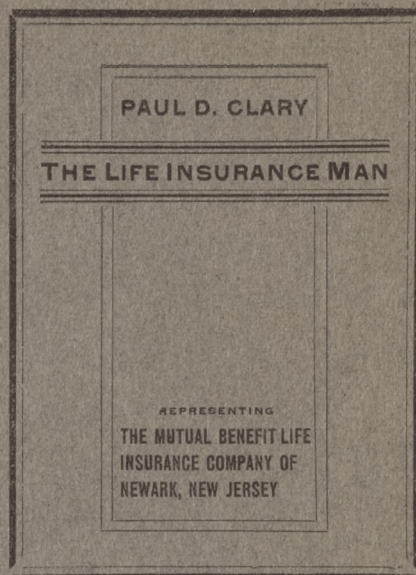
Santa Rosa

HAHMAN DRUG CO.

Prescription Druggists

213 Exchange Ave.

Santa Rosa - California



KOPF & DONOVAN

**Wholesale and
Retail Grocers**

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Commercial Art Co.

DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS

53 Third Street

San Francisco

Juell's Drug Store

Telephone 237

621 FOURTH ST.

SANTA ROSA

Thoughtful and Studious People

Of All Classes Are Steadily Turning To

"Co-operation"

For a Solution of the
ECONOMICAL PROBLEMS OF THE DAY

It elevates business to a higher standard and reduces the cost of living, by eliminating all unnecessary and artificial conditions, and brings the Consumer and Producer together. "Study our By-Laws," and help with your trade and membership

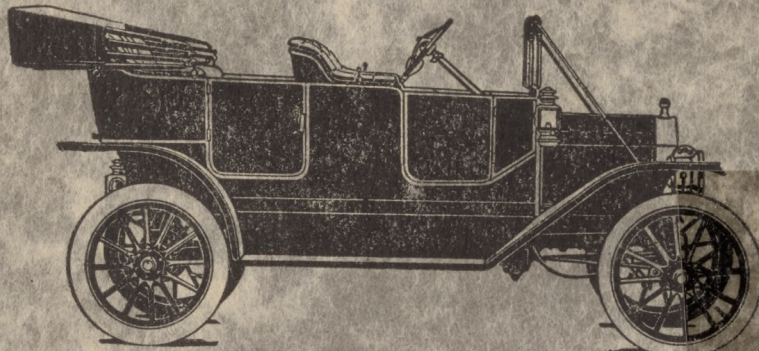
California Rochdale Co.

Trembley Bldg.

Third Street

C. I. FRESE, Manager

THE FORD LEADS



Five-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, Fully Equipped
\$775.00 Santa Rosa Delivery
Automobile Registrations in the State of California for January:

FORD 265

CADILLAC 184
OVERLAND 139
BUICK 137

E. M. F. 131
FLANDERS 88
CHALMERS 84

MAXWELL 59
HUDSON 54
MITCHELL 52

No Room for Argument

This Is the People's Verdict

W. H. SCHIEFFER

MENDOCINO AVENUE
Native Sons' Building

SANTA ROSA, CAL.
One and One-half Blocks North of Courthouse